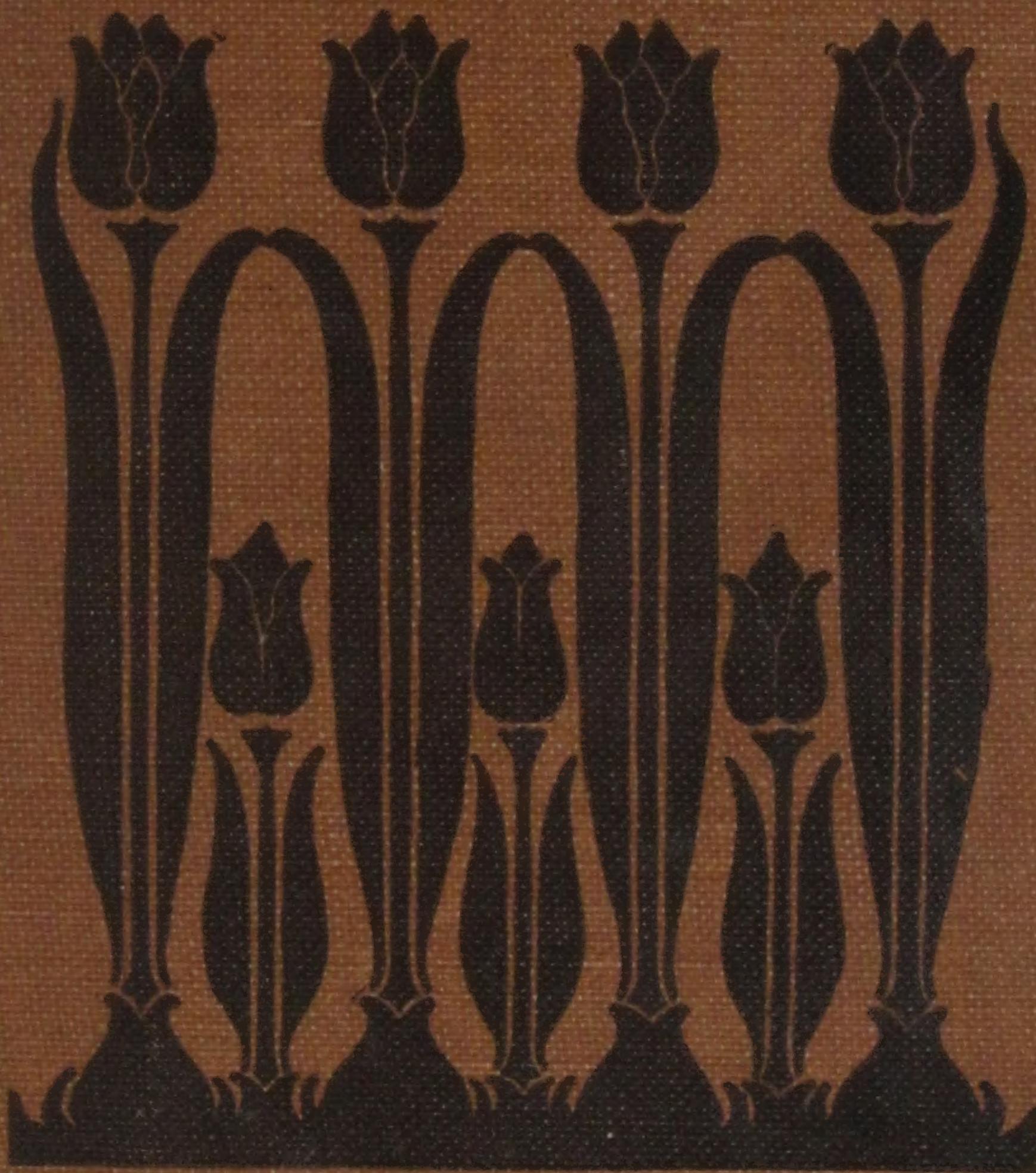
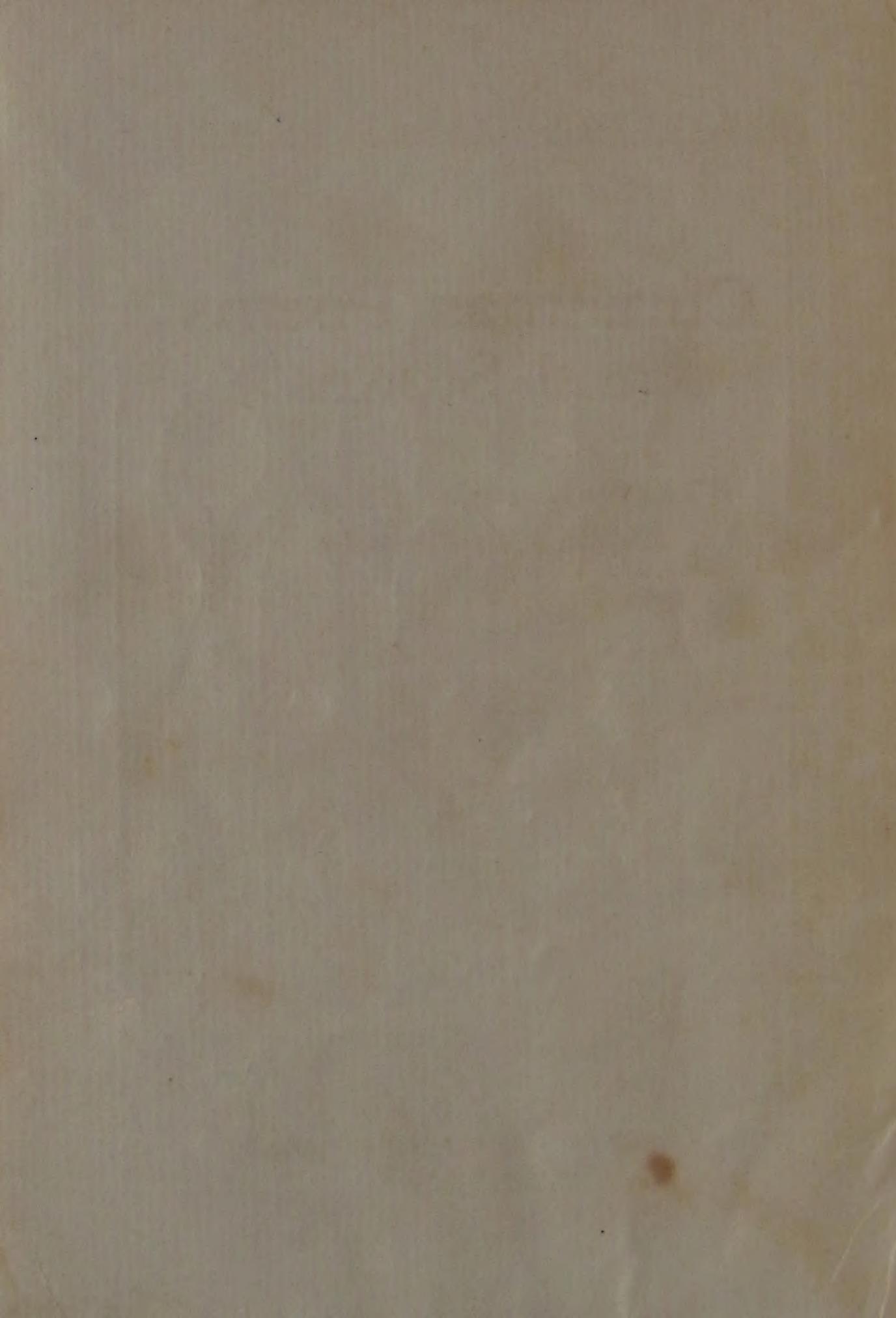


Instructor Literature Series—No. 195C

Christmas Poems and Stories



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING CO.
DANSVILLE, N. Y.



INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

Christmas Poems and Stories

INCLUDING

“The Night Before Christmas”
and Other Favorites



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DANSVILLE, N. Y

CONTENTS

Christmas at Toytown.....	15
Christmas Bells.....	4
Christmas Carol.....	6
Christmas Carol.....	7
Christmas Carol, A.....	20
Christmas Dilemma, A.....	25
Christmas Jingle, A.....	26
Christmas Song, A.....	27
Cradle Hymn.....	14
Dainty Wee Stockings.....	27
Dressing Mary Ann.....	15
English Carol.....	18
Everywhere, Christmas Tonight.....	26
First Christmas Gift, The.....	14
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.....	9
If You're Good.....	22
It Came upon the Midnight Clear.....	8
Night Before Christmas, The.....	3
O Little Town of Bethlehem.....	18
O Christmas Tree.....	13
Piccola	10
Poor Santa Claus.....	13
Santa Claus.....	23
Santa Claus.....	26
Santa Claus in Morocco.....	16
Santa Claus in the Mines.....	28
Santa Claus Is Come to Town.....	19
Telephone Message, A.....	21
Tomorrow Is Christmas Morning	17
Two Little Stockings, The.....	11
We Three Kings of Orient Are.....	5
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.....	7

Christmas Poems and Stories

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of mid-day to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name—

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vix-en!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all."
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
 His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry,—
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He had a broad face, and a little round belly
 That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his fingers aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle:
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a Good Night!"

—Clement C. Moore.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—H. W. Longfellow.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

"We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star."

"Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign."

"Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most High."

"Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb."

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth to the Heav'ns replies.

O Star of wonder, Star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a song in the air!

There's a star in the sky!

There's a mother's deep prayer

And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star

Lie the ages impearled;

And the song from afar

Has swept over the world.

Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,

And we echo the song

That comes down through the night

From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

—J. G. Holland.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
 But at Christmas it always is young;
 The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
 And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
 When the song of the angel is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night:
 On the snow-flakes which cover thy sod
 The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
 And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight
 That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched, and poor,
 That voice of the Christ-Child shall fall,
 And to every blind wanderer open the door
 Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
 With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
 Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
 This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
 When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
 That mankind are the children of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he,—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind—
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David’s town, this day
 Is born, of David’s line,
 The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God on high,
 Who thus addressed their song:

"All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease."

—*Nahum Tate.*

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold;
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's all-gracious King."
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful wings unfurled,
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world;
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love song which they bring:
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 O rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its final splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

—*Edmund H. Sears.*

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With the angelic host proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild, He lays His glory by;
 Born that man no more may die:
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

—*Charles Wesley.*

PICCOLA

In a small, thatched cottage in Italy lived a little girl whose name was Piccola. She was an only child, and her father and mother loved her very dearly. But they were so poor that they could give her but few pleasures. The glad Christmas time was fast approaching, and in Italy, as in other countries, it is above all other days the children's festival. They are filled with wonder about the good St. Nicholas. They talk of his coming, and plan how they will lie awake to hear the prancing reindeer on the roof. And perhaps—who knows—they may catch a glimpse of the jolly old man himself, with his red cheeks and white beard and long fur coat. What joy it would be to see him filling the stockings from the pack of toys upon his back!

To little Piccola it was a gladsome time. She never doubted for a moment that something beautiful must befall every child on Christmas Day. She talked and sang, and made the house ring with her joy and delight. She had been told that Santa Claus remembers all good children, and every night at bed time she would ask: "Have I been a help to you to-day, mother? Have I been good enough to please St. Nicholas?"

"Yes, dear child," her mother could always answer, "but we are so poor, I fear St. Nicholas will not remember us."

"Oh, yes, he will," the trusting child never failed to reply. "The kind saint, you know, loves all good children and remembers them."

To her father and mother it was a time of sadness, for they were far too poor to buy presents for their little daughter. The thought of her disappointment on Christmas morning was almost more than they could bear. But what could they do? It was often hard for them to provide enough food and fuel to keep from suffering. Their house was old, and the winds beat the rain and snow through its many cracks and crevices.

The much longed-for Christmas eve came at last, and with it a storm of snow and wind. The poor child was sadly troubled because she had no stockings to hang by the chimney. Perhaps St. Nicholas would come and not

find a place to put his present. In a moment, however, she remembered her wooden shoes, and placing them in front of the fireplace, she pattered away to bed, happy and hopeful in the belief that her shoes would not be empty in the morning.

Piccola slept soundly, and awoke sure that a gift had been left for her during the night. With a bound she was out of bed and across the room at the chimney. She looked into her shoes and found—what do you think? Strange as it may seem, in one of them was a tiny swallow, wet and shivering with cold. With a shout of delight she ran to her parents, holding out her treasure. "Oh, look! look!" she cried. "See what the kind saint has brought me!" Never was there a more delighted child than little Piccola. She jumped and sang and clapped her hands.

Poor little brown bird! His wing had been hurt, and he could not fly. The night before he had found his way down the chimney and had crawled into the tiny shoe that stood upon the hearth.

The little swallow was not in the least afraid of Piccola. He took crumbs from her hand and reached up with his bill to drink the water that she held out on her finger. All day she petted and fed her new playmate, and the bird seemed to love her in return.

And not in all the land of Italy, that joyous Christmas Day, could have been found a happier child than sweet, helpful little Piccola.—*Adapted.*

THE TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS

The two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace broad and wide.
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho! ho!" said he with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one;
I know who dwells in this house, my dear;
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney place,
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,

And fluttered low, like a bird, about;
“Aha! what’s this?” said he in surprise,
As he pushed his spec’s up close to his eyes,
And read the address, in a child’s rough plan.
“Dear Saint Nicholas,” so it began,
“The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She’s a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you’ve not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara’s; I shall not care.”
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
“God bless you, darling,” he said with a sigh.
Then softly he blew through the chimney high
A note like a bird’s when it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth’s portals.
“Hurry up,” said Saint Nick, “and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare.”
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low
A child’s whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa laughed as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
“She’ll think it came from the sky, I guess,”
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away through the frosty air,
Saying, “God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!”
The wind caught the words and bore them on high,
Till they died away in the midnight sky,
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing peace and good-will with him everywhere.

—Sarah Keables Hunt.

POOR SANTA CLAUS

I saved my cake for Santa Claus
One Christmas eve at tea;
For if riding makes one hungry,
How hungry he must be!
I put it on the chimney shelf,
Where he'd be sure to go—
I think it does a person good
To be remembered so.

When every one was fast asleep
(Every one but me)
I tiptoed into mamma's room—
O! just as still—to see
If he had been there yet. Dear me!
It made my feelings ache—
There sat a mizzable little mouse
Eating Santa's cake!

—Caroline B. Condit.

O CHRISTMAS TREE!

O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!
What will you bear this year for me?
Amid your candles' sparkling sheen,
Upon your spicy branches green,
Already your delights I see,
O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!
What shall your Christmas meaning be?
That all the world shall glow and shine
With just such little lights as mine,
That warm to other hearts I'll be,
O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!
The fruits you bear shall mean to me
That pleasant words and smiles shall fall,
The whole year long, like gifts, to all
Of those I love and who love me,
O Christmas tree! O Christmas tree!

—Mary Bailey.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

The earth lay like a little child,
 Beneath the silent sky ;
 It slept, and in its dreams, it smiled ;
 Stars sang its lullaby.

Above one little, lonely town,
 With glory all aglow,
 A softly radiant star shone down,
 That Christmas long ago.

And in its light the glad earth woke,
 And 'neath its silvery rays
 The silence into music broke,—
 All heaven joined earth in praise.

For hushed on mother's happy breast,
 That glorious Christmas Day,—
 God's own first Christmas gift so blest,
 The holy Christ Child lay !

Shine on, O wondrous pure-white star
 Of that first Christmas morn !
 Tell all the waiting world afar,—
 "Lo ! Christ our King is born."

—Selected.

CRADLE HYMN

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
 The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head ;
 The stars in the heavens looked down where he lay—
 The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
 But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
 I love Thee, Lord Jesus ! look down from the sky,
 And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

—Martin Luther.

CHRISTMAS AT TOYTOWN

The toys had assembled in Toytown Square;
The crew from old Noah's ark was there;
The speaking doll and the jumping-jack,
And the train that ran on a tiny track.

The rubber ball came in with a bound
Along with the ball that was worsted wound;
The watchman's rattle made such a noise
That it sounded just like two mischievous boys.

The hoop rolled in just in time to hear
The meeting convened by a toy reindeer.
The following resolutions then
Were presented by old Noah's men :—

“Resolved, That upon this day the toys
Shall enter into the children's joys.
They shall not mind being broken or hurt,
Or dragged about in the dust and dirt.

“Resolved, That old Santa Claus lives and comes
Each Christmas Day to little folks' homes.”

These resolutions, accepted, were sent
To the little ones for whom they were meant.
The meeting was then adjourned with a shout;
And the toys galloped, rolled, walked, and bounded
about.

DRESSING MARY ANN

She came to me on Christmas Day
In paper, with a card to say:
“From Santa Claus and Uncle John”—
And not a stitch the child had on!

Then I bought a pair of shoes—
A lovely “dolly's number twos.”
“I'll dress you; never mind!” said I,
“And brush your hair; now don't you cry.”

First I made her little hose,
 And shaped them nicely at the toes;
 Next I made a petticoat,
 And put a chain around her throat.

Then when she shivered I made haste
 And cut her out an underwaist;
 And then I named her Mary Ann,
 And gave the dear a paper fan.

Next I made a pretty dress,—
 It took me most a week, I guess.
 Next I made a velvet sacque
 That fitted nicely in the back.

Then I trimmed a lovely hat—
 Oh, how sweet she looked in that!
 And dear, my sakes, that wasn't all,
 I bought her next a parasol!

She looked so grand when she was dressed
 You really never would have guessed
 How very plain she seemed to be
 The day when first she came to me.

SANTA CLAUS IN MOROCCO

Queer old Santa took the steamer
 Over from Gibraltar,
 Mounted on a donkey-pack,
 With a rope for halter.

Thought he'd do his duty by
 All the little Arabs,
 Fill their stockings up with coins,
 Bellyunes and scarabs.

But his jolly old face fell
 When he reached a village—
 Tiny huts just thatched with straw,
 One yard square for tillage.

All around he gazed aghast,
 Then he said, "By Jim'ny!
 What a savage heathen place,
 Not a single chimney!"

Gasped again, and paler grew,
 Muttered, feebly: "Shocking!
 'Mongst these little Moorish kids
 Not a blessed stocking!"

—Hester Caldwell Oakley.

TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS MORNING

Old Santa Claus woke from his long winter nap,
 Put on his overcoat, muffler, and cap,
 Then ordered his reindeer and harnessed the sleigh:
 "For I must be up and off and away—
 Tomorrow is Christmas morning."

He blew on his horn for his troopers so bold,
 A myriad of them in numbers untold,
 All mounted and booted in trappings so gay,
 The Rocking Horse Troopers, all leading the way,
 For tomorrow is Christmas morning.

At a wave of his hand the Dollies all come,
 Both little and big ones, they walk and run,
 Dressed up in fine muslins, silks, velvet and lace
 With merriment dancing on each pretty face,—
 For tomorrow is Christmas morning.

He went to the fields where sugar-plums grow,
 Millions of trees of them, row after row,
 And bushels and bushels came tumbling down,
 Red ones and pink ones and chocolate brown,
 For tomorrow is Christmas morning.

He pushes a button and trinkets galore
 Come hustling and bustling right up to his door.
 Horns, whistles, and bells, drums, engines, and toys
 Such beautiful gifts for our good girls and boys,
 For tomorrow is Christmas morning.

And now he is off for his long Christmas ride,
 To visit the children who live far and wide,
 Wherever they live and his sharp eyes can see
 A stocking hung up or a bright Christmas tree,
 For tomorrow is Christmas morning.

—*Gabriel Stewart.*

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet, in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth,
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

ENGLISH CAROL

Then all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the bells on earth shall ring
 On Christmas day in the morning.
 And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
 And all the angels in heaven shall sing
 On Christmas day in the morning.
 And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
 And all the souls on earth shall sing
 On Christmas day in the morning.

SANTA CLAUS IS COME TO TOWN

When low the sun his latest ray
 Across the hills is sending,
Old Santa Claus starts on his way
 The world's good-will attending.
The laurel green and holly bright
 Bid welcome to his coming;
He greets them all on left and right,
 A Christmas ditty humming.

That night he visits every land
 With team of reindeer ponies,
And scatters gifts with open hand
 To all his little cronies.
And dreaming children, boys and girls,
 Their stockings hung up duly,
See balls and skates and dolls with curls,
 And all they long for truly.

He notes the merry dancer's feet,
 He sees the lights burn brightly,
He pauses for the music sweet,
 Then onward speeds so lightly.
Afar he goes from cot to town,
 From town to cot unending,
And everywhere the weary frown
 From faces grim is sending.

Down chimney way, thro' open door,—
 And everybody knows it—
For forty thousand leagues or more
 The old man gaily goes it.
Full four- and-twenty hours he drives
 As only he is able,
Until his reindeer team arrives
 Again at their own stable.

“Santa Claus is come to town,”
 The bells ring as he passes,
“In reindeer sleigh and furs so brown,
 With gifts for lads and lasses.”

—John Drake.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The moon that now is shining,
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks at night;
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious child was laid.

When suddenly in the heavens
Appeared an angel band,
The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian shepherds stand.
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease,—
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.

The vision in the heavens
Faded and all was still;
The wondering shepherds left their flocks
To feed upon the hill;
Towards the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the maiden-mother mild,
And in her arms her son divine,
A new-born infant, smiled.

No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not past.

The Eastern kings before Him knelt,
And rarest offering brought;
The shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought;
They saw the crown for Israel's King;
The future's glorious part;
But all these things the mother kept,
And pondered in her heart.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE

Ah! Here's the little round thing my papa talks into
To tell the folks down town what he wants to have them
do.

I'm going to try myself—now let me get a chair,
And then I'll stand on tiptoe so I can reach up there.

Hello! (that's what they all say)—you dear old Santa
Claus,

I'm going to have a little bit of talk with you, because
I want to tell you about a little girl I know
Who never had a Christmas in her life—she told me so!

I hardly could believe it, but she says 'tis really true.
I'm sure you're always very kind, but I'm surprised at
you
That you should have forgotten such a little one, but
still,
You have, perhaps, already all the stockings you can
fill.

But, could you go to her house instead of coming here?
For mamma says that Christmas is the time of all the
year

For children to remember poor little girls and boys
Who never hang their stockings up for picture-books
and toys.

I want you, please, to carry her a doll with shiny curls
And eyes that shut and open—that's the kind for lit-
tle girls—

And a muff to warm her fingers, and a cunning little
ring,

And a book with pretty verses—how she'll laugh, the
little thing!

And give her lots of goodies, too, because she's poor,
you see,

And ought to have more sugar-plums than you could
bring to me.

Now tell it on your fingers, and remember, as you go—
Just pack her little stocking to the very, very toe.

That's all—only, Santa Claus, I just would like to say,
If you should have more presents than you need on
Christmas Day,

And could leave me just a few as you pass the chimney
—why,

Of course—I would be very glad indeed. Good-bye!
Good-bye!

IF YOU'RE GOOD

Santa Claus will come to-night

If you're good,

And do what you know is right,
As you should.

Down the chimney he will creep,

Bringing you a woolly sheep,

And a doll that goes to sleep,

If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh

Through the wood;

But he'll come around this way

If you're good,

With a wind-up bird that sings
And a puzzle made of rings;
He will bring you cars that go,
 If you're good.

Jumping-jacks and funny things
 If you're good.
And a rocking-horsey, Oh!
 If he would!
And a dolly that can sneeze,
That says, "Mamma!" when you squeeze.—
He'll bring you one of these,
 If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
 As he should:
But it makes him very glad
 When you're good.
He is wise and he's a dear:
Just do right and never fear:
He'll remember you each year
 If you're good.

SANTA CLAUS

A crystal palace of gleaming ice,
 With ice for windows and doors,
With ice for towers and dome and walls,
 With ice for the stairs and floors;
With frost-laced curtains and icicle fringe,
 And cushions all stuffed with snow,
With white-bear rugs on slippery floors,
 Is where Santa Claus lives, you know.

His garden is full of Christmas trees,
 And the stable his reindeer hold,
Whose branching horns are of silver bright,
 And whose neat little hoofs are gold.
The North Wind sweeps the snowy plains,
 While Jack Frost packs the load,
Then Santa Claus, dressed in suit of fur,
 Drives fast along the road.

The stars come out to light the way,
 For each fleet golden hoof,
 Until at last they land the sleigh,
 With Santa, on the roof;
 Down the chimney with noiseless speed,
 While the children sleep and dream,
 To where the waiting stockings hang,
 By the firelight's fitful gleam.

We never hear him when he comes,
 Nor see him drive away,
 But children find their dreams come true,
 At the dawn of Christmas Day.
 But grandma says that in after years,
 When we are gray and old,
 We may catch one glimpse of the silver horns,
 Or hear little hoofs of gold.

—*Mary Bailey.*

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
 He softly, silently comes;
 While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
 Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
 He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
 While the white flakes around him whirl;
 Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
 Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
 It will carry a host of things,
 While dozens of drums hang over the side,
 With the sticks sticking under the strings.
 And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
 Not a bugle blast is blown,
 As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
 And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stocking he silently fills,
 Till the stockings will hold no more;
 The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
 Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
 And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
 Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
 As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
 Of his goodies he touches not one;
 He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
 When the dear little folks are done.
 Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
 This beautiful mission is his;
 Then, children, be good to the little old man,
 When you find who the little man is.

—John H. Yates.

A CHRISTMAS DILEMMA

What shall dollie have for Christmas?
 I've been thinking all day long,
 For I want to ask old Santa,
 And I mustn't get it wrong.

Would a new hat be the nicest,
 With a bow and feather, too?
 Or a bran-new dress for Sundays,
 Or a nicer sash of blue?

I know she needs a pair of slippers,
 Pink ones,—they'd be very nice,
 But I want the very best thing
 That he'll bring for any price.

And she has so many dresses,
 All the clothes and things, you know,
 That used to be my other dollie's,
 My dear old Arabella Jo.

That's the one I broke last summer,
 And you don't know how I've missed her,
 O Santa Claus! I've thought of something—
 Bring my doll a nice new sister.

—Nelle M. Sinnell.

A CHRISTMAS JINGLE

Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 Hear the sleigh bells ring!
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 The children laugh and sing.
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 How they speed along!
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 Hear their merry song!

Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 Children fast asleep.
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 Through the snowdrifts deep.
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 Reindeer speed along!
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 Bells now hush their song,

While dear good old Santa
 With his pack of toys
 Down the chimney creeps,
 For happy girls and boys.
 Then away he hurries,
 While his sleigh bells chime
 Jingle! jingle! jingle!
 A Happy Christmas time.

—Louise Hoffman.

EVERYWHERE, CHRISTMAS TONIGHT

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
 Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;
 Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
 Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright;
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray;
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all,
 No palace too great and no cottage too small;
 The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,
 "In the city of David a King in his might."

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Sing hey! sing ho! for the holly,
 The holly and mistletoe;
 The stars are clear, and hark! I hear
 Bells tinkling o'er the snow.

Sing hey! sing ho! for the holly,
 The holly and mistletoe;
 It is time to tack the stockings black
 On the mantel in a row.

Sing hey! sing ho! for the holly,
 The holly and mistletoe;
 And we'll laugh because old Santa Claus
 Is the Master of the Show.

—*Susie M. Best.*

DAINTY WEE STOCKINGS

Dainty wee stockings hang all in a row,
 Blue, gray and scarlet in firelight's faint glow;
 Sleepers with curly pates, tucked in their beds
 Dreaming of toyshops that dance thro' their heads.

Funny wee stockings hang all in a row,
 Stuffed with surprises from top down to toe,
 Skates, balls and trumpets, and whips, toys and drums,
 Books, dolls, and candies, with sweet sugar-plums.

Dainty wee stockings that hang in a row,
 Santa Claus 's coming, the children well know,
 With only such treasure as he can devise,
 To quicken their love and to gladden their eyes.

—*I. B. Woodbury.*

SANTA CLAUS IN THE MINES

In a small cabin in a California mining town, away up amid the snow-clad, rock-bound peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, sat a woman, in widows' weeds, holding upon her knee a bright-eyed, sunny-faced little girl, about five years old, while a little cherub of a boy lay upon a bear-skin before the open fireplace. It was Christmas Eve, and the woman sat gazing abstractedly into the fireplace. She was yet young, and as the glowing flames lit up her sad face they invested it with a weird beauty.

Mary Stewart was the widow of Aleck Stewart, and but two years before they had lived comfortably and happily in a camp on the American River. Aleck was a brawny miner; but the premature explosion of a blast in an underground tunnel had blotted out his life in an instant, leaving his family without a protector, and in straitened circumstances. His daily wages had been their sole support, and now that he was gone, what could they do?

With her little family Mrs. Stewart had emigrated to the camp in which we find them, and there she earned a precarious livelihood by washing clothes for the miners. Hers was a hard lot; but the brave little woman toiled on, cheered by the thought that her daily labors stood between her darling little ones and the gaunt wolf of starvation.

Jack Dawson, a strong, honest miner, was passing the cabin this Christmas Eve, when the voice of the little girl within attracted his attention. Jack possessed an inordinate love for children, and although his manly spirit would abhor the sneaking practice of eavesdropping, he could not resist the temptation to steal up to the window just a moment to listen to the sweet, prattling voice. The first words he caught were:

"Before papa died we always had Christmas, didn't we, mamma?"

"Yes, Totty, darling; but papa earned money enough to afford to make his little pets happy at least once a year. You must remember, Totty, that we are very poor, and although mamma works very, very hard, she

can scarcely earn enough to supply us with food and clothes."

Jack Dawson still lingered upon the outside. He could not leave, although he felt ashamed of himself for listening.

"We hung up our stockings last Christmas, didn't we, mamma?" continued the little girl.

"Yes, Totty; but we were poor then, and Santa Claus never notices very poor people. He gave you a little candy then, just because you were such good children."

"Is we any poorer now, mamma?"

"Oh! yes, much poorer. He would never notice us at all now."

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of sadness in the widow's voice as she uttered the last words, and he wiped a suspicious dampness from his eyes.

"Where's our clean stockings, mamma? I'm going to hang mine up, anyhow; maybe he will come like he did before, just because we try to be good children," said Totty.

"It will be no use, my darling, I am sure he will not come," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she thought of her empty purse.

"I don't care, I'm going to try anyhow. Please get one of my stockings, mamma."

Jack Dawson's generous heart swelled until it seemed bursting from his bosom. He heard the patter of little bare feet upon the cabin floor as Totty ran about hunting hers and Benny's stockings, and after she had hunted them up, heard her sweet voice again as she wondered over and over if Santa really would forget them. He heard the mother, in a choking voice, tell her treasures to get ready for bed; heard them lisp their childish prayers, the little girl concluding: "And, O Lord! please tell good Santa Claus that we are very poor but that we love him as much as rich children do, for dear Jesus' sake—Amen!"

After they were in bed, through a small rent in the plain white curtain he saw the widow sitting before the fire, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly. On a peg, just over the fireplace, hung two little patched and faded stockings, and then he could stand it no

longer. He softly moved away from the window to the rear of the cabin, where some objects fluttering in the wind met his eye. Among these he searched until he found a little blue stocking which he removed from the line, folded tenderly, and placed in his overcoat pocket, and then set out for the main street of the camp. He entered Harry Hawk's gambling hall, the largest in the place, where a host of miners and gamblers were at play. Jack was well known in the camp, and when he got up on a chair and called for attention, the hum of voices and clicking of ivory chips suddenly ceased. Then in an earnest voice he told what he had seen and heard, repeating every word of the conversation between the mother and her children. In conclusion he said:

"Boys, I think I know you, every one of you, an' I know jist what kind o' metal yer made of. I've an idee that Santy Claus knows jist whar that cabin's sitiuated, an' I've an idee he'll find it afore mornin'. Hyar's one of the little gal's stok'n's that I hooked off'n the line. The daddy o' them little ones was a good, hard-working miner, an' he crossed the range in the line o' duty, jist as any one of us is liable to do in our dangerous business. Hyar goes a twenty-dollar piece right down in the toe, and hyar I lay the stockin' on this card table—now chip in much or little, as ye kin afford."

Brocky Clark, a gambler, left the table, picked the little stocking up carefully, looked at it tenderly, and when he laid it down another twenty had gone into the toe to keep company with the one placed there by Dawson.

Another and another came up until the foot of the stocking was well filled, and then came the cry from the gambling tables:

"Pass her around, Jack."

At the word he lifted it from the table and started around the hall. Before he had circulated it at half a dozen tables it showed signs of bursting beneath the weight of gold and silver coin, and a strong coin bag, such as is used for sending treasure by express, was procured, and the stocking placed inside of it. The round of the large hall was made, and in the mean-

time the story had spread all over the camp. From the various saloons came messages saying:

"Send the stockin' 'round the camp: boys are a-waitin' for it!"

With a party at his heels, Jack went from saloon to saloon. Games ceased and tipplers left the bars as they entered each place, and miners, gamblers, speculators, everybody, crowded up to tender their Christmas gift to the miner's widow and orphans. Anyone who has lived in the far Western camps and is acquainted with the generosity of Western men will feel no surprise or doubt my truthfulness, when I say that after the round had been made the little blue stocking and the heavy canvas bag contained over four thousand dollars in gold and silver coin.

Horses were procured and a party dispatched to the larger town down on the Consumnes, from which they returned near daybreak with toys, clothing, provisions, etc., in almost endless variety. Arranging their gifts in proper shape, and securely tying the mouth of the bag of coin, the party noiselessly repaired to the widow's humble cabin. The bag was first laid on the step, and the other articles piled up in a heap over it. On the top was laid the lid of a large pasteboard box, on which was written with a piece of charcoal:

"Santy Claus doesn't allways Giv poor Folks The Cold Shoulder in This camp."

Christmas dawned bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Stewart arose, and a shade of pain crossed her handsome face as the empty little stockings caught her maternal eye. She cast a hurried glance toward the bed where her darlings lay sleeping, and whispered:

"O God! how dreadful is poverty!"

She built a glowing fire, set about preparing the frugal breakfast, and when it was almost ready she approached the bed, kissed the little ones until they were wide awake, and lifted them to the floor. With eager haste Totty ran to the stockings, only to turn away, sobbing as though her heart would break. Tears blinded the mother, and clasping her little girl to her heart she said in a choking voice:

"Never mind, my darling; next Christmas I am sure

mamma will be richer, and then Santa Claus will bring us lots of nice things."

"O mamma!"

The exclamation came from little Benny, who had opened the door and was standing gazing in amazement upon the wealth of gifts there displayed.

Mrs. Stewart sprang to his side and looked in speechless astonishment. She read the card, and then, causing her little ones to kneel down with her in the open doorway, she poured out her soul in a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Jack Dawson's burly form moved from behind a tree a short distance away, and sneaked off up the gulch, great crystal tears chasing each other down his face.

The family arose from their knees, and began to move the stores into the rooms. There were several sacks of flour, hams, canned fruits, pounds and pounds of coffee, tea, and sugar, new dress goods, and a handsome, warm woolen shawl for the widow, shoes, stockings, hats, mittens, and clothing for the children, a great big wax doll that could cry and move its eyes for Totty, and a beautiful red sled for Benny. All were carried inside amidst alternate laughs and tears.

"Bring in the sack of salt, Totty, and that is all," said the mother. "Is not God good to us?"

"I can't lift it, mamma, it's frozed to the step!"

The mother stooped and took hold of it and lifted harder and harder, until she raised it from the step. Her cheek blanched as she noted its great weight, and breathlessly she carried it in and laid it upon the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she loosened the string and emptied the contents upon the table. Gold and silver—more than she had ever thought of in her wildest dreams of comfort, and almost buried in the pile of treasure lay Totty's little blue stocking.

We will not intrude longer upon such happiness; but leave the joyful family sounding praises to Heaven and Santa Claus.—*Anonymous.*

This is
One of Two Hundred Volumes
of the
Instructor Literature Series
Library Edition

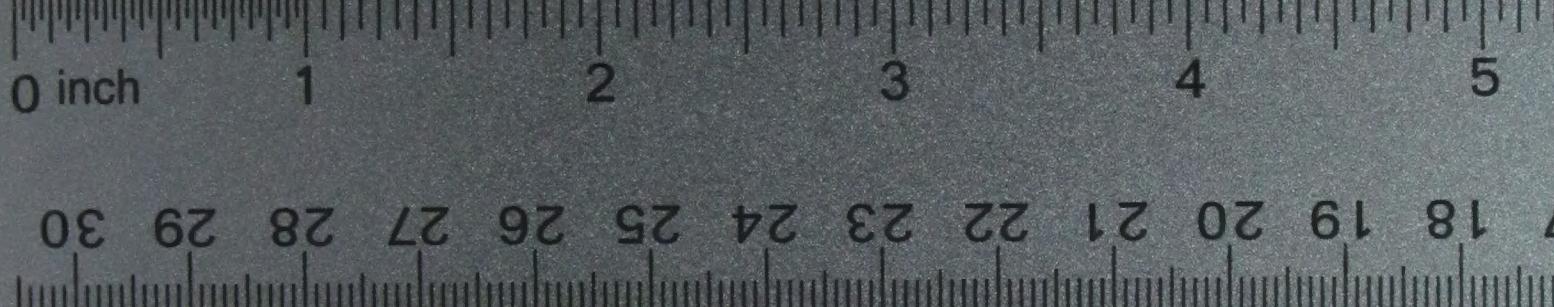
SEND FOR FULL CATALOGUE



dotcolor

Instructor Literature Series—No. 195C

Christmas Poems and Stories



F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING CO.
DANSVILLE, N. Y.